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Section New York American



Philip Boileau

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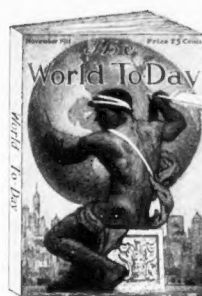
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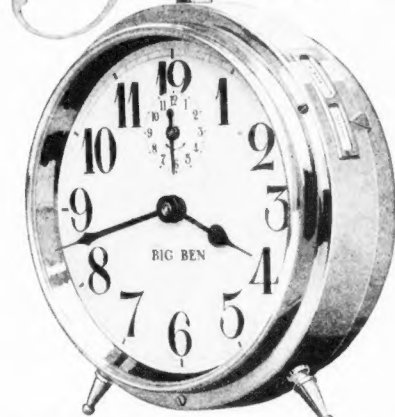
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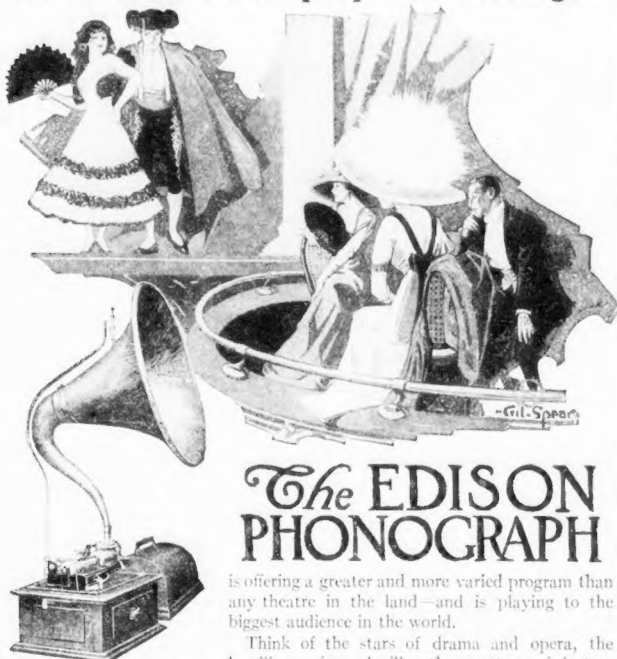
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AMERICAN SUNDAY MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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WHY!

The New Love Serial

By The Author of

Three Weeks

by

ELINOR GLYN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Sir Francis Markrute, an English financier, suggests to his niece, the beautiful Countess Shulski and to Lord Tancred, 24th Baron of Wrayth, that if they will marry he will settle the financial difficulties of both. Both refuse emphatically. Sir Francis smiles and arranges to have them meet. Meanwhile, the Countess, in spite of her short but dreadful marriage experience with the infamous Count Shulski, decides there is no escape from her uncle's proposition and agrees to it, but with a mental reservation to hate her new husband and drive him from her at the first opportunity.

Chapter IV

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THE four men—the two railway magnates, Francis Markrute and Lord Tancred, had all been waiting a quarter of an hour before the drawing-room fire when the Countess Shulski sailed into the room. She wore an evening gown of some thin black transparent woolen stuff, which clung round her with the peculiar grace her poorest clothes acquired. Another woman would have looked pitifully shabby in such a dress, but her distinction made it appear as the robe of a goddess to at least three of the men. Francis Markrute was too annoyed at the delay of her coming to admire anything—but even he, as he presented his guests to her, could not help remarking that he had never seen her look more wonderful, or more contemptuously regal.

They had had rather a stormy scene in the library, half an hour before. Her words had been few, but their displeasure had been un concealed. She would agree to the bare bargain—if so be this strange man were willing—but she demanded to know the reason of his willingness.

And when she was told it was a business matter between the two men, and that she would be given a large fortune—she expressed no more surprise than a disdainful curl of the lips.

For her, all men were either brutes—or fools, like poor Mimo.

If she had known that Lord Tancred had already refused her hand, and that her Uncle was merely counting upon his unerring knowledge of human nature—and Lord Tancred's nature in particular—she might have felt humiliated, instead of full of impotent rage.

The young man for his part had arrived exactly on the stroke of eight, a rare effort of punctuality for him. Some underneath excitement to see his friend Markrute's niece had tingled in his veins from the moment he had left the house.

What sort of a woman could it be who would be willing to marry a perfect stranger for the sake of his title and position? And the quarter of an hour's wait had not added to his calm. So, when the door eventually opened for her entry, he had glanced up with intense interest, and had then drawn in his breath as she advanced up the room. The physical part of the lady was at all events extremely delectable.



And when she swept from the room, her eyes met his, and they were full of contemptuous hate

But when he was presented, and his eyes met hers, he was startled by the look of smouldering, somber hate he saw in them.

What could it all mean? Francis must have been romancing—why should she look at him like that if she were willing to marry him? He was piqued and interested.

She spoke not a word as they went down to dinner, but he was no raw youth to be snubbed thus into silence; his easy, polished manner soon started a conversation upon the usual everyday things. He received "Yes" and "No" for answers, and the railway magnate on her other side was hardly more fortunate, until the entrées were in full swing. Then she unfroze a little, the elderly gentleman had said something which interested her.

The part which particularly irritated Lord Tancred was that he felt sure she was not really stupid—who could be stupid with such a face?—and he was quite unaccustomed to being ignored by women. A like experience had not occurred to him in the whole of his life.

He watched her narrowly. He had never seen so white a skin—and the admirably formed bones of her short small face caused, even in a side light, no disfiguring shadows to fall beside the mouth and nose, or on the cheeks—all was velvety smooth and rounded. The remote Jewish touch was invisible—and had only marked itself in the splendor of the eyes and lashes. She filled him with the desire to touch her, to clasp her tightly in his arms, to pull down that glorious hair and bury his face in it. And Lord Tancred was no sensualist, given to instantly appraising the outward charm of women.

When the grouse was being handed he did get a whole sentence from her—it was in answer to his question of whether she liked England.

"How can one say, when one does not know," she said. "I have only been here once before when I was quite a child. It seems cold and dark."

"We must persuade you to like it better," he answered, trying to look into her eyes, which she had instantly averted—the expression of resentment still smouldered there, he had noticed, during their brief glance.

"Of what consequence whether I like it or not?" she

said, looking across the table, and this was difficult to answer! It seemed to set him upon his beam-ends; he could not very well say, because he had suddenly begun to admire her very much! At this stage he had not decided what he meant to do.

An unusual excitement was permeating his being, he could not account for how or why—he had felt no sensation like it, except on one of his lion hunts in Africa, when news came into camp that an exceptionally fine beast had been discovered near, and might be stalked on the morrow. His sporting instincts seemed to be thoroughly awakened.

Lord Tancred could not get her to have a single continued conversation for the remainder of dinner; he was perfectly raging with annoyance—his fighting blood was up. And when, at the first possible moment after the dessert arrived, she swept from the room, her eyes met his, as he held the door, and they were again full of contemptuous hate.

He returned to his seat with his heart actually thumping in his side!

And all through the laborious conversation upon Canada, and how best to invest capital, which Francis Markrute, with great skill and apparent friendship, prolonged to its utmost limits, he felt the attraction and irritation of the woman grow and grow. He no longer took the slightest interest in the pros and cons of his future in the Colony! And when at last, as he heard the distant tones of Tschai-kowsky's *Chanson Triste* as they ascended the stairs, he came suddenly to a determination. She was sitting at the grand piano in the back part of the room. A huge, softly shaded lamp shed its veiled light upon her white face and rounded throat; her hands and arms, which showed to the elbow, seemed not less pale than the ivory keys, and those discs of black velvet gazed in front of them, a whole world of anguish in their depths.

For this was the tune that her mother had loved, and she was playing it to remind herself of her promise, and to keep herself firm in her determination to accept the bargain for Mirko's sake.

She glanced at Lord Tancred as he entered. Count Ladislaus Shulski had been a very handsome man, too. She did not know enough of the English type to judge Lord Tancred morally. She only saw that

he was a splendid physical creature, who would be strong—and horrible—probably, like the rest.

The whole expression on her face changed as he came and leaned upon the piano. The sorrow died out of her eyes, and was replaced by a fierce defiance, and her fingers broke into a tarantelle of wild sounds.

"You strange woman!" Lord Tancred said.

"Am I strange?" she answered through her teeth. "It is said by those who know that we are all mad at some time, and at some point. I have, I think, reason to be mad to-night!" and with that she crashed a final chord, and rose from her seat, and crossed the room.

"I hope, Uncle Francis, your guests will excuse me," she said, with an imperial aloof politeness, "but I am very tired. I will wish you all a good-night," and she bowed to them as they expressed their regrets, and then slowly left the room.

"Good-night, Madame," Lord Tancred said at the door. "Some day you and I will cross swords."

But he was rewarded by no word, only an annihilating glance from her sullen eyes, and he stood there and gazed at her as she passed up the stairs.

"An extraordinary and beautiful woman, your niece, eh, my dear Markrute?" he heard one of the pompous gentlemen say, as he returned to the group by the fire, and it angered him, he could not have told why.

And Francis Markrute, who knew his moments, began now to talk about her casually—how she was an interesting, mysterious character. Beautiful—well, no—not exactly that, a superlative skin, and fine eyes and hair, but no special features.

"I will not admit that she is beautiful, my friend," he said. "Beauty suggests gentleness and tenderness. My niece reminds me of the black panther in the Zoo, but one could not say—if she were tame."

Such remarks were not calculated to allay the growing interest and frantic attraction Lord Tancred was feeling. Francis Markrute knew his audience; he never wasted his words. Then he abruptly turned the conversation back to Canada.

again, until even the two magnates, on their own ground, were bored, and said good-night, and the four men came down the stairs together—and as the others were being assisted into their coats by Turner and his satellites:

"Will you have a cigar with me, Tancred," the host said, "before you go on to your supper?" and presently they were both seated in mammoth arm chairs in the cosy library.

"I hope, my dear boy, you have all the information you want about Canada?" said he. "You could not find two more influential people than Sir Philip and the Colonel. I asked—" but Lord Tancred interrupted him.

"I don't care a farthing about Canada!" he flashed out. "I have made up my mind—if you really meant what you said to-day, I will marry your niece—and I don't care whether she has a cent or no."

Francis Markrute's plans had indeed culminated with a rush.

But he expressed no surprise—merely raised his eyebrows mildly, and puffed some blue rings of smoke, as he answered:

"I always mean what I say. Only I do not care for people to do things blindly. Now that you have seen my niece, are you sure she would suit you? I thought, after all, perhaps not to-night—she is certainly a difficult person. It would

dangerous games. The most unbroken polo ponies to train in the country, the freshest horses, the fiercest beasts to stalk and kill, and why not a difficult wife?—it would add an adorable spice to the affair. But as he was very honest with himself, he knew underneath it was not wholly his instinct, but that she had cast some spell over him, and that he must have her for his own.

"You might very well ask her history," Francis Markrute said—he could be so gracious when he

liked and he really admired the whole-hearted dash with which Lord Tancred had surrendered. There was something big and royal about it. He himself never gambled in small sums, either. "So, as I expect you won't," he continued, "I will tell you—she is the daughter of Maurice Grey, a brother of old Colonel Grey, of Hintington, whom everybody knew, and she has been the widow of an unspeakable brute for over a year, and was an immaculate wife, and devoted daughter before that. The possibilities of her temperament are all to come."

Lord Tancred sprang from his chair—the very thought of her, and her temperament, made him thrill. Was it possible he was already in love?—after one evening?

"Then it is settled; and I shall not ask why. I shall not ask anything—only when may I see her again? And how soon can we be married?"

"Come and lunch with me in the City to-morrow, and we will talk over everything. I shall have seen her, and can tell you then when to present yourself. And I suppose you can have the ceremony at the beginning of November?"

"Six whole weeks hence!" Lord Tancred said, protestingly. "Must she get heaps of clothes? Can't it be sooner? I wanted to be here for my Uncle Glastonbury's first shoot of the end of November, and if we are only married then, we shall be off on a honeymoon! You must come to that shoot, old boy; by the way, it is the pleasantest of the whole lot he has, one day at the partridges, and a dash at the pheasants; but he only asks the jolliest parties to this early one for Ethelrida's birthday, and none of the bores."

"It would give me great pleasure to do so," Francis Markrute said—and he looked down, that Lord Tancred should not see the joy in his eyes.

And then they shook hands most heartily, and the newly made fiancé said good-night, with the happy assurance in his ears that he might claim his bride to be back from a week's honeymoon for the Glastonbury shoot.

And when he had gone, Francis Markrute's first act was to sit down and write a four figured cheque for the Crippled Children's Hospital—he believed in thank-offerings. Then he rubbed his hands softly together as he went up to his bed.

Chapter V

WHEN Lord Tancred left the house in Park Lane, he did not go to the supper at the Savoy as he had promised to. That sort of affairs had bored him now for several years. Instead of which he drove



"Chermette—Angel! But what joy!" and Mirko hurled himself into her arms, while Mimo kissed her hand

be no easy task for any man to control her, as a wife."

"I don't care for tame women," Lord Tancred said. "It is that very quality of difficulty which has inspired me. By George! did you ever see such a haughty bearing? It will take a man's whole intelligence to know which bit to use."

"She may close her teeth on whatever bit you use, and bolt with it. Do not say afterwards that I let you take her blindly."

"Why does she look at me with such hate," Lord Tancred was just going to ask, and then he stopped himself. It was characteristic of him, that now he had made up his mind, he would not descend to questions or details; he would find all that out later on for himself; but one thing he must know, had she really consented to marry him? If so, she had her own reasons, of course—and desire for himself was not among them, but somehow he felt sure they were not so did or paltry ones. He had always liked

straight back to his rooms in St. James' Street, and getting comfortably into his pet chair, he steadily set himself to think. He had acted upon a mad impulse—he knew that, and did not argue with himself about it, or regret it. Some force, stronger than anything he had hitherto known, had compelled him to come to the decision. And what would his future life be like with this strange woman? That could not be exactly guessed!—but that it would contain scenes of the greatest excitement, he did not doubt. She would, in all cases, look the part—his mother, herself, the Lady Tancred, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Duke of Glastonbury, could not move with more dignity—which reminded him he had better write to that parent and inform her of his intended step. He thought of all the women he had loved—or imagined he had loved—since he left Eton. The two affairs which had convulsed him during his second year at Oxford were perhaps the most serious—the Laura Highford, his last episode, was fortunately over, and had always been rather tiresome. In any case, none of those ladies of the world—or other world—had any reasons to reproach him, and he was free and happy. And if he wished to put down a large stake on the card of marriage, he was answerable to no one.

During the last eight hundred years, ever since Amaury Guiscard of that house of Hauteville, whose daring deeds gave sovereigns to half Europe, had come over with his Duke William—and been rewarded by the gift of the Wrayth lands, seized from the Saxons—they had periodically done madly adventurous things—perhaps the quality was coming out in him!

Then he thought of his lady personally—and not of the extraordinariness of his action. She was exasperatingly attractive. How delicious it would be when he had persuaded her to talk to him, taught her to love him—because she certainly must love him—some day! It was rather cold-blooded of her being willing to marry him—a stranger; but he was not going to permit himself to dwell upon that. She could not be really cold-blooded with that face; its every line bespoke capability of exquisite passion. It was not the least cunning or calculating, either. It was simply adorable! And to kiss! But here he pulled himself together, and sat down, and wrote to his mother, a note, short and to the point, which she received by the first post next morning, at her small house in Queen Street, Mayfair—and then he went to bed. The note ran:

"My dear Mother:

"I am going to be married at last. The lady is a daughter of Maurice Grey (a brother of old Colonel Grey of Hintington, who died last year), and the widow of a Pole named Shulski, Countess Shulski she is called—" (he had paused here, because he suddenly remembered he did not know her Christian name) "she is also the niece of Francis Markrute, whom you have such an objection to—or had—last season. She is most beautiful, and I hope you will like her. Please go and call to-morrow. I will come and breakfast with you about ten.

"Yr. affectionate son,

"Tancred."

And this proud English mother knew here was a serious letter, because he signed it so. He usually

finished his rare communications with just "love from Tristram."

And soon Lord Tancred's two sisters entered the room.

They were nice fresh English girls, and stood a good deal in awe of their mother. They kissed her and sat down on the bed. They felt it was a mo-

"I wonder what she is like," said Emily.

"Is she young?" asked Mary.

"Tristram does not say," replied Lady Tancred "only that she is beautiful."

"We are so surprised," both girls gasped together. "Yes, it is unexpected, certainly," agreed their mother, "but Tristram has judgment; he is not likely to have chosen anyone of whom I should disapprove. You must be ready to call with me directly after lunch, dears. Tristram is coming to breakfast, so you can have yours now in your room. I must talk to him."

And the girls, who were dying to ask a hundred questions, felt they were dismissed, and kissing their dignified parent, they retired to their own large back room, which they shared, in common with all their pleasures and little griefs, together.

Lady Tancred awaited her son in the small front morning-room. She was quite as much a specimen of an English aristocrat as he was, with her brushed back gray hair, and beautiful, hard, fine-featured face. She was supremely dignified, and dressed well and with care. She had been brought up in the school which taught the repression of all emotion—now, alas! rapidly passing away—so that she did not even tap her foot with the impatience which was devouring her. And it was nearly eleven o'clock before Tristram made his appearance.

He apologized charmingly, and kissed her cheek. His horse, Satan, had been particularly fresh, and he had been obliged to give him an extra canter twice around the Row before coming in. And was breakfast ready? as he was extremely hungry! Yes, breakfast was ready, and they went into the dining-room, where the old butler awaited them.

"Give me everything, Michelham," said his Lordship. "I am ravenous; and then you can go. Her Ladyship will pour out the coffee."

The old servant beamed upon him, with a "Glad to see your Lordship's well!" and surrounding his plate with hot, covered silver dishes, quietly made his exit, and so they were alone.

Lady Tancred beamed upon her son, too. She could not help it. He looked so completely what he ought to look, she thought, magnificently healthy and handsome, and perfectly groomed. No mother could help being proud of him.

"Tristram, my dear boy, now tell me all about it."

"There is hardly anything to tell you, mother, except that I am going to be married about the 25th of October—and—you will be awfully nice to her, Zara, won't you?" He had taken the precaution to send round a note early in the morning to Francis Markrute, asking for his lady's full name, as he wished to tell his family, so the "Zara" came out quite naturally! "She is rather a peculiar person—and, er—has very stiff manners. You may not like her at first."

"No, dear?" said Lady Tancred, hesitatingly. "Stiff manners, you say? That, at least, is on the right side. I always deplore the modern free and easiness."

"No, there is nothing free and easy about her!" said Tristram, helping himself to a cutlet, while he almost smiled grimly. His sense of humor was highly aroused over the whole thing—only that overmastering something which drew him was even stronger than this.

Then he felt there was no use in allowing his mother to drag information from him; he had better tell her what he meant her to know.

"You see, mother, the whole thing has been arranged rather suddenly. I only settled upon it last

(Continued on Page 18)



"It is said that we are all mad at some time and some point. I think I have reason to be mad to-night."

mentous moment, because Lady Tancred never saw anyone until her hair was arranged—even her own daughters.

"Your brother Tristram is going to be married," she said, and she referred to the letter lying on the coverlet, "to a Countess Shulski—a niece of that Mr. Markrute whom one meets about."

"Oh, mother!" and "Really!" gasped Emily and Mary.

"Have we seen her?" "Do we know her?"

"No, I think we can none of us have seen her. She certainly was not with Mr. Markrute at Cowes, and no one has been in town, except this last week for Flora's wedding. I suppose Tristram must have met her in Scotland, or, possibly, abroad; he went to Paris, you remember, at Easter—and again in July."

FICKLE FREDDY'S *LOVES*

By Carolyn Wells

His Second Love—
Dorothy the Church-
Goer

I WENT to church a-yesterday,
An' in the nextest pew
A little new girl looked my way,
An' then she whispered "Boo!"

A N' course I said "Boo!" back again,—
As anybuddy would;
And then she smiled a lot,—
An' then we wuz acquainted, good!

H ER name is Dor'thy; an' she had
Her han' stuck out. 'But, say!
W'en I jes' touched it, she looked mad,
An' sorto' squirmed away!

T HEN w'en I scowled, an' looked
— real hurt,
She squirmed back my way, fast;
An' 'cept her mother grabbed her
— skirt,
That pew-rail she'd a' passed!



T HEN all the grownups hadda
— kneel—
She sat still, nice an' sweet
Then,—wiy a wiggle like a eel,
Squirmed over in our seat!

S HE shut her eyes an' giggled low;
Then she went fas' asleep,
Snugged up against my arm, you know,
All in a little heap.

A N' after church, her mother smiled;
"Freddy, you little trot,"
She said, "you are a dear, good child
To take such care o' Dot!"

O H, me an' her is lovin' chums;
She's best I've ever knew,
How can I wait till Sunday comes,
An' she climbs in our pew!



The Mystery and Misery of the TONSILS

By John J. Cochrane M.D.



WHAT are the tonsils, anyway?"

"A couple of nuisances placed where they will do most harm and apparently designed for the chastening of humanity and the prosperity of throat specialists." Thus answers the layman, and if he has children he speaks feelingly. In nearly every family some member suffers from these irascible little glands of the throat. The physician pretty generally agrees with him, at least to the extent of removing the almond-shaped bunches on the slightest provocation.

But the tonsil is not merely a nuisance. Graver indictments than sore throat are brought against it, more than quincy or even diphtheria. It has received capital punishment, literally been guillotined for such capital offenses as Appendicitis, "Inflammatory Rheumatism," general Blood Poisoning, and even the "Great White Plague" itself, not to mention a dozen minor offenses. The case against these pale throat glands is getting so strong that it is time that everybody should know more about them. A little learning may be dangerous, but more often a little ignorance is fatal.

You may be a grownup man or woman whose tonsils have given you no trouble since the days when your mother put a piece of peppered pork on your throat when she tucked you in at night; but there is no telling what they may be doing to the children. Or, in fact, they still may be doing things to you without your even knowing that you have any.

"But if tonsils are no good why do we have them?" somebody always wants to know. That's not a fair question to ask a doctor. "Why do most of us find an appendix in our inventory?" "Why are mosquitoes?" We can answer with theory and speculation but not with proof. But there is no getting around the fact—we all have them, at least until we are ten or twelve, and the tonsils are as large or larger in a child of to-day as in the child born B. C., and this means that somewhere, somehow, there was a mighty good reason for the tonsils.

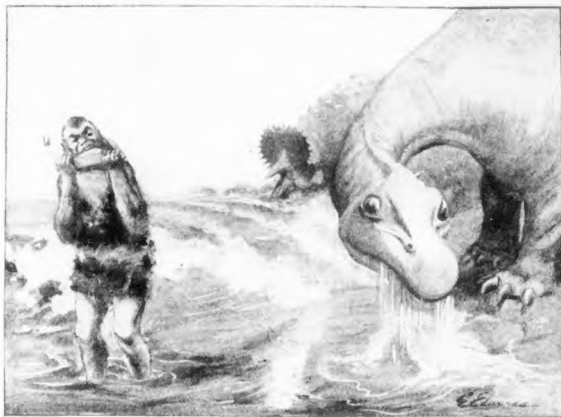
Evolution tells us that some time in the untold past—perhaps in the "hunting and fishing stage" when man developed the physical characteristics which make him to-day a rather presentable animal, as animals go, or, perhaps, long before it, something in his manner of life called loudly for the tonsils. Very likely in the stone age when man killed his game with a stone hatchet and ate it raw, uncooked and therefore unsterilized, because he had not yet made fire, his surroundings or way of living demanded a new function of the throat. Man with a spongy gland on each side of his throat got along better in the game of life. It saved him, in some department of his internal economy, trouble and sickness. He became healthier and a better fighter than his neighbor who had none. He got the best of the meat, the choice of caves and wives, and in the course of thousands of years the tonsilless unfortunates were weeded out. That is Natural Selection.

Then with the drift of the centuries came a change in the way of living or surroundings. Man may have learned to build fires or live in dusty hovels—quite likely he began to wrap himself in skins so his own outside couldn't breathe—and for some reason his tonsils helped him no longer in the game of life.

But as nobody could say precisely what his tonsil did for this primeval man, certain evolutionists were unsatisfied. Taking that other traitor in our midst, the appendix as a clue, they looked far deeper into our history and now make the amazing claim that the tonsil is a legacy from our great-great-great ancestor, the fish. This at once squares accounts between man and the finny tribe. If our hooks and nets have given sore mouths to millions of fish, look what they in return have put into our defenseless throats.

It seems that when the first creatures learned gradually to come out of the water and develop lungs, their gills became unnecessary. Nature frugally used part of them to make her new dry children a nice pair of ears,—for our ears, and teeth, and the whole skeleton of the jaw as well as lots of other things are still working on patents invented by our cold-blooded forbear, the fish.

So far so good. But when Nature was done she found she had a couple of pieces of gill-tissue left over. Any other workman would have cleaned up and thrown the odd pieces away. But Nature being in some ways more or less of an old maid, decided: "No you can't tell when this might come in handy." So she wrapped them up in two little parcels called "Capsules" and planted them in our throats, and now it takes a pretty fair surgeon to give us an absolute divorce from them. Whatever the true origin of the tonsils may have been, they are now, except in early childhood, a menace and, it was long, long ago high time for Nature to rid man of them. She went at it, not in a hurry, but with that slow, callous indifference with which she accomplishes changes which are not vital to the race, but only to the individuals. When an organ is no longer needed Nature does not remove it at once. She pensions off, so to speak, on a diminished salary of blood supply, those organs that are back numbers and then she cheerfully forgets about them. Left severely alone they die by inches, shabbily, resentfully.



When man ate his game raw, his way of living demanded a new function of the throat

But like the House of Lords and the Vermiform Appendix, things that have outlived their usefulness usually become parasites and nuisances. So it has been with the tonsils. Instead of retiring into the nice "old ladies' home" which Nature has provided for the tonsils between the membranous curtains of the throat they frequently tackle jobs which are none of their business, thank you, failing miserably. Clinging wildly for support they drag down other organs with them in general disaster. Moreover, in their envious neglected ostracism they are fit subjects for treacherous conspiracy.

Did you ever look into a child's throat? If you have some skilled self-confidence, a spoon with a strong handle, and the entire faith of the child, you had better make the experiment next time you find something mysteriously ailing the youngster. Back where the pink stalactite of the soft palate hangs, two thin upright folds of the lining membrane are seen arching down each side of the throat. These are the "pillars," they cover the swallowing muscles, and the little pale pink pin-cushion bulging out between them is the tonsil.

The extent of the bulging depends on the age of the child, and other things, but you will be sure to see little holes in the pale membrane covering the gland, as if the pins had just come out. Sliced and under the microscope, these pinholes are found to be mouths of little pockets or crypts lined with the same mucous membrane, dipping into the body of the gland; and this body is made up of a granular-looking tissue all the way to its capsule of white fibers. But look closely—these granules all through the thing (it seems to be nothing but a loose tangle of fibers matted thick with the granules) remind you of something. Frogs' eggs? Blood-corpuscles—the white ones? That is what they are, white-cells or leucocytes like those found in the blood, and when they are alive they can change shape—show "amoeboid motion"—and travel about. Here is important evidence at the start; the whole thing, membrane, crypts and gland substance, is infested with leucocytes; and we know what they are of old. The leucocytes are the policemen of the cell-world, and wherever we find them thickly in the body is sure to be a shady neighborhood. No respectable quarter needs so many patrolmen.

There's nothing shy or retiring about these leucocytes. They are always looking for bother, and whenever or wherever a leucocyte meets a germ there are things doing without preliminaries. No hand-shaking or sparring for an opening; the white-cell just jumps into a silent clinch with the first germ in reach, and literally eats him alive,—swallows him whole. When that ends the matter, of course the rest of the body knows nothing about the unpleasantness and health is uninterrupted. Such duels are fought, no doubt, every minute—perhaps every second of our lives.

But sometimes the germ is something of a fighter himself, or there may be too many of him. In that case the first leucocyte may be destroyed, and the next one. The germs multiply and spread, making poisons in the meantime, until reserves are hurried to the spot and a brisk battle results in a local inflammation, until a return to health or spread of the disease shows which side wins.

The first suspicion that the tonsils are connected with appendicitis was doubtless awakened by the fact that they are both rudimentary and useless organs. The proof was only a matter of collecting statistics and making experiments. Statistics show that appendicitis cases have a disproportionately large history of tonsillar disturbances. This showed the connection, and experiments proved which was cause and which effect. The microscope and the germ-breeding media of the laboratory found that when the tonsils are making trouble and reeking with germs, millions of these enemies are swallowed. Many escape the chemistry of the stomach and invade the intestines. There they swell the ever active hostile army and are found "among those present" when the appendix is removed. Cutting out the tonsils has frequently been followed by improvement in cases of so-called "chronic appendicitis."

And this brings us to one theory of what the tonsils may have been for. It is still contended by some authorities that the tonsil was meant to protect us from disease by killing germs in its crypts or in its substance, and by furnishing leucocyte policemen to go along with every mouthful that we swallow. There are many reasons why it is improbable that they could do really effective work in this way, but even if they did thus protect us at some time, it is plain that they fail wretchedly to do it now. We know that only too often, in place of stopping the invading germs, the tonsillar crypts give them lodgment and offer a perfectly good breeding-ground ready-made. If in addition the crypt lining is damaged, the door is wide open for the trouble-makers to enter the lymph stream.

(Continued on Page 25)

The MUTINEERS

By Campbell McCulloch



I was the pilot who first commented on the look of the crew. He was taking the *Ashcroft* down the Ambrose Channel just after day-break, and when he had coned her to a point off the lightship he turned to the skipper who stood on the bridge with him.

"I've seen some bloody-minded pirates in my time," he remarked, "but I'll be cussed for an oysterman if I ever run across such a gang of cutthroats as you've got aboard here." He looked down on the forward deck below him and shook his head. "Gosh!" he remarked, "they'd assassinate a man for a plugged nickel and a beer check. Wherever did you pick 'em up, skipper?"

"I'm not in th' habit of shopping for crews, myself," snapped Captain Butts. "I gave one of your pink-tea crimps an order, and that lot of brutes is what he turned up for me. My first mate'll handle them, however, and if he can't, I will. I've broke up a worse-looking lot than that in my time."

The pilot looked curiously at the small, spare figure beside him, and contemptuously set the captain down as a boaster. Later, when he had joined his mates on the pilot boat he spoke of the incident, and his estimate of the captain, and one of them laughed hysterically.

"It's lucky for you that you kept your mouth shut," he said when he had been sufficiently pounded on the back. "He's th' man that whipped a Texas sheriff and four deputies, and took their guns away from 'em down in Galveston. They tried to take a man off his ship three years ago, and Butts sailed into 'em single-handed, and chased them down the dock throwing belayin' pins after 'em."

The other snorted.

"That little runt?" he scoffed.

"Yep! Captain Ephraim Butts. Bless yer heart; he's two parts pure fight, an' the other third is mixed nerve and seamanship."

The pilot would have had even more excuse for his criticism of the *Ashcroft's* crew had he seen them taken aboard the night before, and unquestionably would have sympathized with the little skipper's shortness of temper. Fortunately for the peace of the upper bay a fog had crept down from the Kills and hid the visual evidences of the crimp's specimens. Out of the reek had crept a wavering, uncertain voice that stridently proclaimed:

"Ev'ry mo-horn I'll—hic—bring 'e—hic—v'lets."

A howl of protest from a revenue cutter, passing like a wraith, had changed the musical effort into a gradually weakening tirade of abuse, ceasing abruptly when the bow of the boat banged into the big freighter's side.

"*Ashcroft!*" a man had asked.

"Aye, wot's left o' 'er," Mr. Carmichael, the first mate, had replied facetiously. "Wot pertick'ler excursion might this be?"

"Got a load o'——" began the other when the mate interrupted him.

"No! 'Ave yer?" he asked. "Rum thing, but I thought maybe you was a Dutch singin' society. A load, eh? My word, matey, I should say you 'ad. I kin smell hit hup 'ere."

A disgusted snort had greeted him.

"Go fall on yerself, ye big slob!" returned the

rough voice.

"I gotta load o' deck hands here. You go tell Cap'n Butts he'd better come an' h'ist 'em aboard 'fore they spile."

"Ho yuss," replied Carmichael. "Night air's bad fer delikit flowers like them, eh, wot?"

A short figure in blue cloth stepped out of the chartroom onto the deck, and peered over the side.

"What's this infernal row?" it demanded.

"Hit's th' bally crew as you horded, sir," answered the mate. "This 'ere perlitte young courier party wot bring 'em onf says as 'ow they're fair soshed. Don't you go to botherin' wiv 'em, skipper. I'll 'ave 'em aboard in a couple o' shakes."

Running down the bridge ladder Carmichael threw a leg over the bulwarks, swung to the



"Any more o' you rotters feel like doin' a bit o' whistling?"

outside and stood upon the strake, hooking his big left hand into a becket. The ship was well loaded so that there was but some three feet between the small boat and the deck of the tramp.

"Pass th' blighters up 'ere, one at a time," he ordered, and the fellow in the small boat stared at him.

"Aw, cut it out," he snorted derisively. "You'll drop 'em overboard. Wot d'ye tink these is; straw bunnets?"

The big mate laughed.

"You stow yer gab, sonny," he advised. "Kick th' beauties along 'ere where I kin get 'old on 'em. 'Ow many, eh?"

"Twelve, an' th' worst I ever see," was the answer. "Here, cut along there, Petey!"

A large piratical person with fiery whiskers heaved himself half-way erect, stumbled over a thwart and would have gone over the side had not the mate caught him by the collar. There was a mighty heave and the newcomer was slung like a sack of flour up and across the bulwarks. A shove and he toppled lightly inboard.

"Holy Mike!" gasped the boatman. "What you bin used ter jugglin'? Safes?"

"Holy Mike!" gasped the boatman. "What you bin used ter jugglin'? Safes?"

"Shut up an' and me th' rest o' them millyunaires," ordered Carmichael briefly, and the simple task of loading an incapable crew went forward briskly. When the last spectacle had been tumbled in a gurgling, protesting and loose heap on the deck, the mate swung himself inboard again and straightened his collar.

"Any kit?" he inquired.

"Nary a rag," was the answer from the admiring boatman. "Say, bo; lemme give you a tip. Look out fer that bunch o' ginks when they git sober. They're bad medicine. They all come off th' *Wabrus*. Bin hangin' out at McGurk's fer a mont."

Carmichael nodded. He had heard of the *Wabrus*. She had been abandoned by her crew after they had locked the officers up in their cabins. The vessel was in bad shape and went down half an hour after a passing Commodore took the afterguard off. The crew had been picked up by a Frenchman and brought into port, but for some reason no action had been taken by the Commissioner.

"Thanks, sonny," said the mate. "We eats bloody mutineers aboard this packet. Sometimes we likes 'em 'ashed." He looked at the unconscious crew. "This 'ere lot'd go well bashed on toast. S'y," he went on, bending over the side, "wuz you singin' 'v'lets' just now? Take a tip, lad; 'ave them bass tones sandpiped."

"You go to ——" began the boatman, but unfortunately the precise direction was drowned in the bellow of the fog siren from the island, and he pulled off in the smother.

Captain Butts stood with his legs far apart, frowning at the stertuously breathing humanity sprawled on the deck.

"By the Lord Harry; that blasted boarding-house master must have fed 'em sulphuric acid," he complained, and the mate grimaced.

"That's McGurk," he agreed. "E ain't an ek'al nowhere without hit's that Swede, Petersen, at Hongkong. 'E allers feeds 'em wood hachol an' hopium. S'pose we'd better 'ave hup a couple o' Mac's men an' get these fairies stowed, eh, sir?"

"Oh, yes," replied the captain, wearily. "The idea of havin' to go to sea with a crew like that; swine, by cripes! It's rotten! There's one consolation; we can always take it out of 'em later."

The mate shoved his head down the engine-room skylight.

A Novelette by F. Harris Deans

She interrupted him and spoke," he muttered, after a few moments' silence.

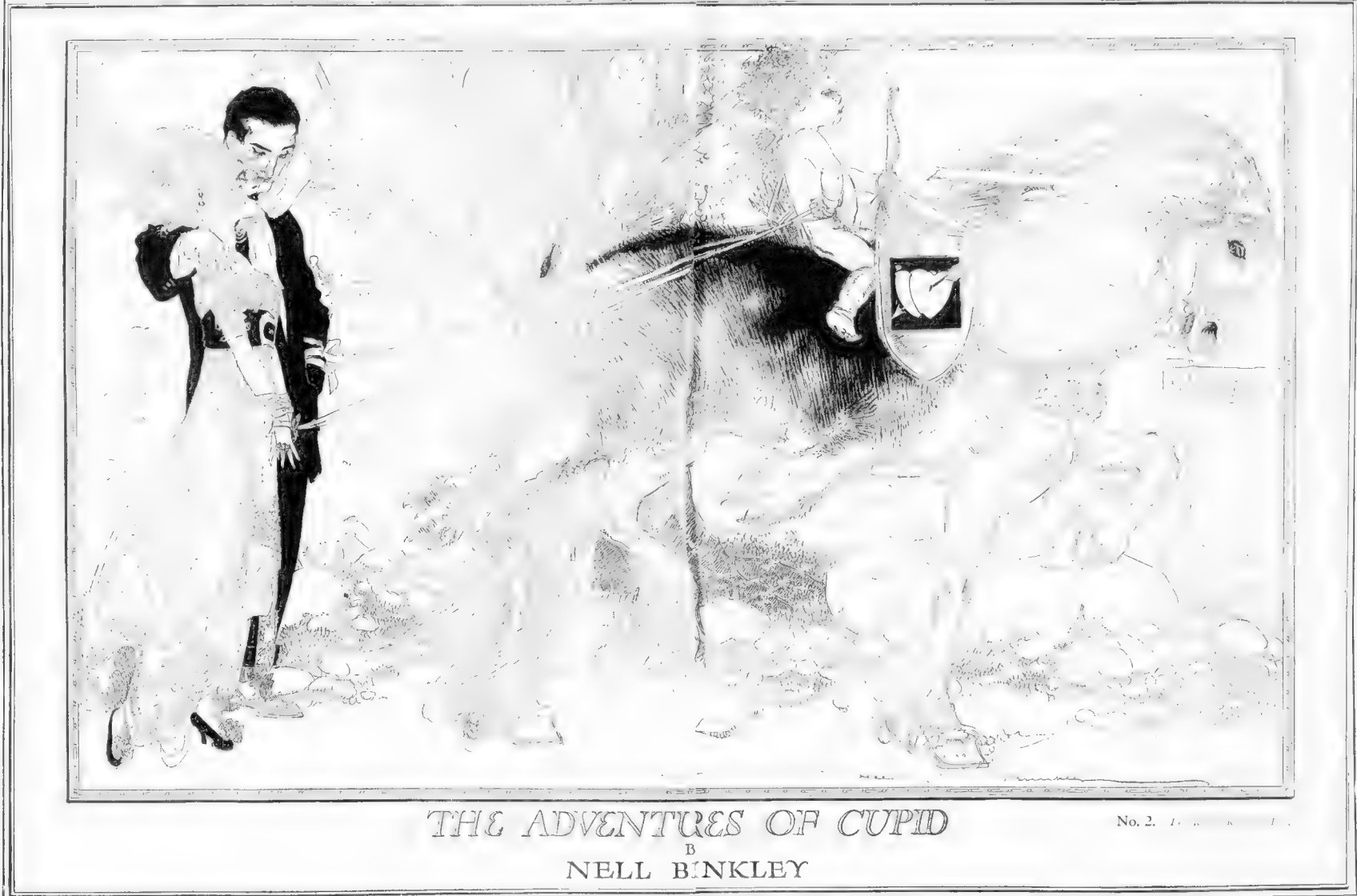
"All right, boss. I suddenly," don't remember then.

$$\lim_{t \rightarrow \infty} \frac{1}{t} \ln \left(\frac{1}{\mathbb{P}_0} \left(\frac{1}{t} \int_0^t \exp \left(\int_0^s \langle \mathbf{v}, \mathbf{v} \rangle \, ds \right) \, ds \right) \right) = \langle \mathbf{v}, \mathbf{v} \rangle \text{ a.s.}$$
[illegible]

⁶ 'All night, I could scarcely shut my eyes but then,

in the case of a π -conjugated polymer, the possible values for the π -conjugation length L are

6. *Prunella* L. *Prunella* L.



NELL BINKLEY

No. 2. $I = \frac{1}{2} \pi r^2$

The LURE of the SHOP

Amos Store



The greatest practical psychologists have long known that the human mind is a curious thing. It is not a simple machine, but a complex, sensitive, and often irrational creature. It is this complexity that makes it so difficult to understand, and so easy to manipulate.

But the greatest practical psychologists have also known that the human mind is not a blank slate. It is filled with a wealth of experiences, emotions, and desires. It is this wealth that makes it so difficult to understand, and so easy to manipulate.

Things are different in the shop. While the greatest practical psychologists have long known that the human mind is a curious thing, they have also known that the human mind is not a blank slate. It is filled with a wealth of experiences, emotions, and desires.

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The greatest rival the matinee idol has is the disordered tangle of a bargain sale. Of course, fashion and fad temper these desires, and most emphatically we speak here of the city. In the town people say what they need, the city they say what they want, and therefore the city is the land of the bargain sale.

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The delivery completed the day's work for the *practical* summer. Every day that the city's shopkeeper put in town during the summer months had covered largely to the city's shopping and dress goods, and now he was ready to follow it. Variety was not lost, but season's change and a new style were sure to start a new trend.

This is the way the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions. First, the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions. First, the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions.

THE CITY'S SHOPPING

As it is quite essential for the owners of these stores to expect a return on their investment, they must expect a return on their investment. They must expect a return on their investment, and they must expect a return on their investment.

But the greatest practical psychologists have also known that the human mind is not a blank slate. It is filled with a wealth of experiences, emotions, and desires. It is this wealth that makes it so difficult to understand, and so easy to manipulate.

The matter of the automobile, however, is only an incident in comparison with the advantage the public takes of the store in relation to its more regular stock lines of goods, and as it is felt in all depart-



The season's tag (L. R. own store) shown in the face

ments of the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions.

And the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions. First, the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions.

Some of the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions. First, the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions.



A man in a suit standing next to a large, ornate safe or cabinet.

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A man in a suit standing next to a large, ornate safe or cabinet. The city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions.

One day a woman of considerable social standing and some means appeared in the china department of a well-known store and for more than an hour engaged the services of the best sales person in the department. But the time seemed well spent, for the lady purchased a very expensive set of china, ordered it delivered the following morning and had the purchase charged to her account.

It is a well-known fact that the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions. First, the city's shopping is developed in the heart of the town, and in two regions.

Continued on Page 30

The Debt of Life, an ALLEGORY

by Schuyler M. Cady



Death. "These are my friends."

THE PROLOGUE

As the sun was setting, and the stars were beginning to appear, a man in a dark suit and hat was walking along a path. He was looking at a woman in a long, dark, hooded robe who was standing near a doorway. The man was looking at her with a concerned expression. The room had a desk with a lamp and some papers on it.

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As the sun was setting, and the stars were beginning to appear, a man in a dark suit and hat was walking along a path. He was looking at a woman in a long, dark, hooded robe who was standing near a doorway. The man was looking at her with a concerned expression. The room had a desk with a lamp and some papers on it.

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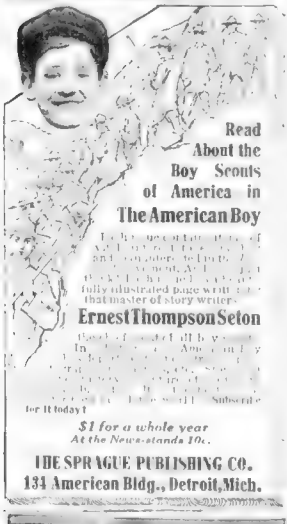
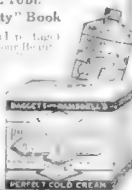
THE PROLOGUE

As the sun was setting, and the stars were beginning to appear, a man in a dark suit and hat was walking along a path. He was looking at a woman in a long, dark, hooded robe who was standing near a doorway. The man was looking at her with a concerned expression. The room had a desk with a lamp and some papers on it.



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the authors of the book, and the book is a very good example of the kind of work that should be done in the field of international law. The book is a very good example of the kind of work that should be done in the field of international law. The book is a very good example of the kind of work that should be done in the field of international law.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]
$$\begin{aligned}
\text{row} &= \text{row} + 1 \\
\text{if } \text{row} > \text{row_max} & \text{ then } \text{row_max} = \text{row} \\
\text{if } \text{row} > \text{row_max} & \text{ then } \text{row_max} = \text{row} \\
\text{if } \text{row} > \text{row_max} & \text{ then } \text{row_max} = \text{row}
\end{aligned}$$

Markus: "I'm an awful coward, neither a church nor a like to be a part of it, and I can't help it."

[illegible]

As a result of the above, the following theorem can be proved.

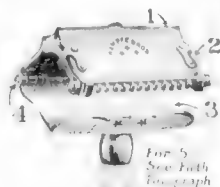
[illegible][illegible]

CHAPTER VI

The Debt of Life

[illegible]

**You Can't Go
Wrong When
You Buy A STAR.
There Are Five
Reasons Why.**



STAR

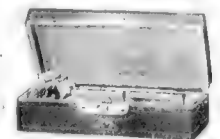
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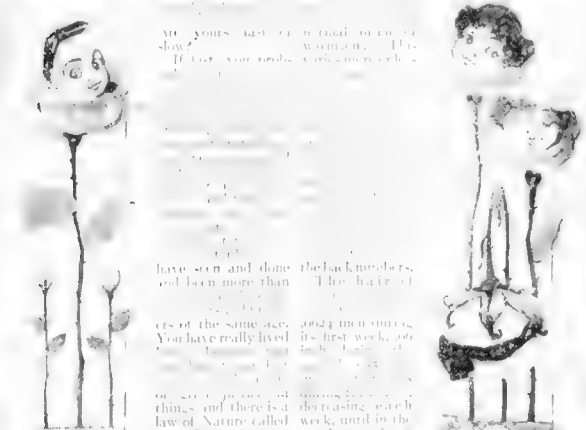
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ARE YOU FAST OR SLOW?

By Augustus N. Poirer

THEY are the people who are fast or slow in their work. Nature measures our lives, period, and lives from 2 to 6 years when it



and measure only, only withers. So it is quite likely that you will find gray hairs

ahead of the crowd. This is merely lucky but not sure, for Nature plays favorites and puts stronger mainsprings in some of her children so that sometimes they live both longer and longer than the average.

Over in Germany, where nothing is too much trouble for a scientist, they have measured everything, and can tell you how fast everything about you should grow or move. There is a definite rate at which

you grow from infancy to child hood, from childhood to adolescence, from adolescence to manhood, from manhood to old age.

Even the time of the wink of an eye has been measured by the aid of photography. It has been found that in winking the eyes, the eyelids are closed for a period of

one-tenth of a second. The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second. The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second.

The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second. The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second. The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second.

The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second. The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second. The average time for a full blink is one-fifth of a second.



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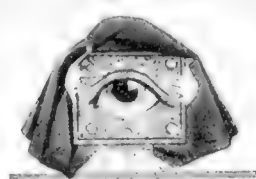
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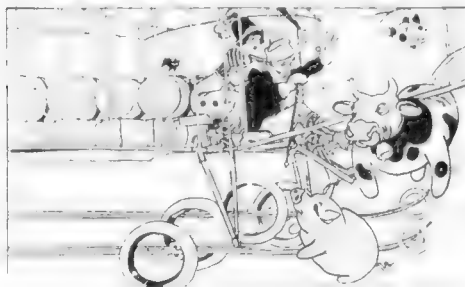
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By Richard Hoot

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1912 Art Calendar

1. *Principles of Biology*, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 263

Trial Jar	Amount of water
1	100 ml
2	100 ml
3	100 ml
4	100 ml
5	100 ml
6	100 ml
7	100 ml
8	100 ml
9	100 ml
10	100 ml
11	100 ml
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92	100 ml
93	100 ml
94	100 ml
95	100 ml
96	100 ml
97	100 ml
98	100 ml
99	100 ml
100	100 ml

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12' x 15' 2.70	16' x 18' 5.50
13' x 16' 3.00	17' x 19' 6.00
14' x 17' 3.30	18' x 20' 6.50
15' x 18' 3.60	19' x 21' 7.00
16' x 19' 3.90	20' x 22' 7.50
17' x 20' 4.20	21' x 23' 8.00
18' x 21' 4.50	22' x 24' 8.50
19' x 22' 4.80	23' x 25' 9.00
20' x 23' 5.10	24' x 26' 9.50
21' x 24' 5.40	25' x 27' 10.00
22' x 25' 5.70	26' x 28' 10.50
23' x 26' 6.00	27' x 29' 11.00
24' x 27' 6.30	28' x 30' 11.50
25' x 28' 6.60	29' x 31' 12.00
26' x 29' 6.90	30' x 32' 12.50
27' x 30' 7.20	31' x 33' 13.00
28' x 31' 7.50	32' x 34' 13.50
29' x 32' 7.80	33' x 35' 14.00
30' x 33' 8.10	34' x 36' 14.50
31' x 34' 8.40	35' x 37' 15.00
32' x 35' 8.70	36' x 38' 15.50
33' x 36' 9.00	37' x 39' 16.00
34' x 37' 9.30	38' x 40' 16.50
35' x 38' 9.60	39' x 41' 17.00
36' x 39' 9.90	40' x 42' 17.50
37' x 40' 10.20	41' x 43' 18.00
38' x 41' 10.50	42' x 44' 18.50
39' x 42' 10.80	43' x 45' 19.00
40' x 43' 11.10	44' x 46' 19.50
41' x 44' 11.40	45' x 47' 20.00
42' x 45' 11.70	46' x 48' 20.50
43' x 46' 12.00	47' x 49' 21.00
44' x 47' 12.30	48' x 50' 21.50
45' x 48' 12.60	49' x 51' 22.00
46' x 49' 12.90	50' x 52' 22.50
47' x 50' 13.20	51' x 53' 23.00
48' x 51' 13.50	52' x 54' 23.50
49' x 52' 13.80	53' x 55' 24.00
50' x 53' 14.10	54' x 56' 24.50
51' x 54' 14.40	55' x 57' 25.00
52' x 55' 14.70	56' x 58' 25.50
53' x 56' 15.00	57' x 59' 26.00
54' x 57' 15.30	58' x 60' 26.50
55' x 58' 15.60	59' x 61' 27.00
56' x 59' 15.90	60' x 62' 27.50
57' x 60' 16.20	61' x 63' 28.00
58' x 61' 16.50	62' x 64' 28.50
59' x 62' 16.80	63' x 65' 29.00
60' x 63' 17.10	64' x 66' 29.50
61' x 64' 17.40	65' x 67' 30.00
62' x 65' 17.70	66' x 68' 30.50
63' x 66' 18.00	67' x 69' 31.00
64' x 67' 18.30	68' x 70' 31.50
65' x 68' 18.60	69' x 71' 32.00
66' x 69' 18.90	70' x 72' 32.50
67' x 70' 19.20	71' x 73' 33.00
68' x 71' 19.50	72' x 74' 33.50
69' x 72' 19.80	73' x 75' 34.00
70' x 73' 20.10	74' x 76' 34.50
71' x 74' 20.40	75' x 77' 35.00
72' x 75' 20.70	76' x 78' 35.50
73' x 76' 21.00	77' x 79' 36.00
74' x 77' 21.30	78' x 80' 36.50
75' x 78' 21.60	79' x 81' 37.00
76' x 79' 21.90	80' x 82' 37.50
77' x 80' 22.20	81' x 83' 38.00
78' x 81' 22.50	82' x 84' 38.50
79' x 82' 22.80	83' x 85' 39.00
80' x 83' 23.10	84' x 86' 39.50
81' x 84' 23.40	85' x 87' 40.00
82' x 85' 23.70	86' x 88' 40.50
83' x 86' 24.00	87' x 89' 41.00
84' x 87' 24.30	88' x 90' 41.50
85' x 88' 24.60	89' x 91' 42.00
86' x 89' 24.90	90' x 92' 42.50
87' x 90' 25.20	91' x 93' 43.00
88' x 91' 25.50	92' x 94' 43.50
89' x 92' 25.80	93' x 95' 44.00
90' x 93' 26.10	94' x 96' 44.50
91' x 94' 26.40	95' x 97' 45.00
92' x 95' 26.70	96' x 98' 45.50
93' x 96' 27.00	97' x 99' 46.00
94' x 97' 27.30	98' x 100' 46.50
95' x 98' 27.60	99' x 101' 47.00
96' x 99' 27.90	100' x 102' 47.50
97' x 100' 28.20	101' x 103' 48.00
98' x 101' 28.50	102' x 104' 48.50
99' x 102' 28.80	103' x 105' 49.00
100' x 103' 29.10	104' x 106' 49.50
101' x 104' 29.40	105' x 107' 50.00
102' x 105' 29.70	106' x 108' 50.50
103' x 106' 30.00	107' x 109' 51.00
104' x 107' 30.30	108' x 110' 51.50
105' x 108' 30.60	109' x 111' 52.00
106' x 109' 30.90	110' x 112' 52.50
107' x 110' 31.20	111' x 113' 53.00
108' x 111' 31.50	112' x 114' 53.50
109' x 112' 31.80	113' x 115' 54.00
110' x 113' 32.10	114' x 116' 54.50
111' x 114' 32.40	115' x 117' 55.00
112' x 115' 32.70	116' x 118' 55.50
113' x 116' 33.00	117' x 119' 56.00
114' x 117' 33.30	118' x 120' 56.50
115' x 118' 33.60	119' x 121' 57.00
116' x 119' 33.90	120' x 122' 57.50
117' x 120' 34.20	121' x 123' 58.00
118' x 121' 34.50	122' x 124' 58.50
119' x 122' 34.80	123' x 125' 59.00
120' x 123' 35.10	124' x 126' 59.50
121' x 124' 35.40	125' x 127' 60.00
122' x 125' 35.70	126' x 128' 60.50
123' x 126' 36.00	127' x 129' 61.00
124' x 127' 36.30	128' x 130' 61.50
125' x 128' 36.60	129' x 131' 62.00
126' x 129' 36.90	130' x 132' 62.50
127' x 130' 37.20	131' x 133' 63.00
128' x 131' 37.50	132' x 134' 63.50
129' x 132' 37.80	133' x 135' 64.00
130' x 133' 38.10	134' x 136' 64.50
131' x 134' 38.40	135' x 137' 65.00
132' x 135' 38.70	136' x 138' 65.50
133' x 136' 39.00	137' x 139' 66.00
134' x 137' 39.30	138' x 140' 66.50
135' x 138' 39.60	139' x 141' 67.00
136' x 139' 39.90	140' x 142' 67.50
137' x 140' 40.20	141' x 143' 68.00
138' x 141' 40.50	142' x 144' 68.50
139' x 142' 40.80	143' x 145' 69.00
140' x 143' 41.10	144' x 146' 69.50
141' x 144' 41.40	145' x 147' 70.00
142' x 145' 41.70	146' x 148' 70.50
143' x 146' 42.00	147' x 149' 71.00
144' x 147' 42.30	148' x 150' 71.50
145' x 148' 42.60	149' x 151' 72.00
146' x 149' 42.90	150' x 152' 72.50
147' x 150' 43.20	151' x 153' 73.00
148' x 151' 43.50	152' x 154' 73.50
149' x 152' 43.80	153' x 155' 74.00
150' x 153' 44.10	154' x 156' 74.50
151' x 154' 44.40	155' x 157' 75.00
152' x 155' 44.70	156' x 158' 75.50
153' x 156' 45.00	157' x 159' 76.00
154' x 157' 45.30	158' x 160' 76.50
155' x 158' 45.60	159' x 161' 77.00
156' x 159' 45.90	160' x 162' 77.50
157' x 160' 46.20	161' x 163' 78.00
158' x 161' 46.50	162' x 164' 78.50
159' x 162' 46.80	163' x 165' 79.00
160' x 163' 47.10	164' x 166' 79.50
161' x 164' 47.40	165' x 167' 80.00
162' x 165' 47.70	166' x 168' 80.50
163' x 166' 48.00	167' x 169' 81.00
164' x 167' 48.30	168' x 170' 81.50
165' x 168' 48.60	169' x 171' 82.00
166' x 169' 48.90	170' x 172' 82.50
167' x 170' 49.20	171' x 173' 83.00
168' x 171' 49.50	172' x 174' 83.50
169' x 172' 49.80	173' x 175' 84.00
170' x 173' 50.10	174' x 176' 84.50
171' x 174' 50.40	175' x 177' 85.00
172' x 175' 50.70	176' x 178' 85.50
173' x 176' 51.00	177' x 179' 86.00
174' x 177' 51.30	178' x 180' 86.50
175' x 178' 51.60	179' x 181' 87.00
176' x 179' 51.90	180' x 182' 87.50
177' x 180' 52.20	181' x 183' 88.00
178' x 181' 52.50	182' x 184' 88.50
179' x 182' 52.80	183' x 185' 89.00
180' x 183' 53.10	184' x 186' 89.50
181' x 184' 53.40	185' x 187' 90.00
182' x 185' 53.70	186' x 188' 90.50
183' x 186' 54.00	187' x 189' 91.00
184' x 187' 54.30	188' x 190' 91.50
185' x 188' 54.60	189' x 191' 92.00
186' x 189' 54.90	190' x 192' 92.50
187' x 190' 55.20	191' x 193' 93.00
188' x 191' 55.50	192' x 194' 93.50
189' x 192' 55.80	193' x 195' 94.00
190' x 193' 56.10	194' x 196' 94.50
191' x 194' 56.40	195' x 197' 95.00
192' x 195' 56.70	196' x 198' 95.50
193' x 196' 57.00	197' x 199' 96.00
194' x 197' 57.30	198' x 200' 96.50
195' x 198' 57.60	199' x 201' 97.00
196' x 199' 57.90	200' x 202' 97.50
197' x 200' 58.20	201' x 203' 98.00
198' x 201' 58.50	202' x 204' 98.50
199' x 202' 58.80	203' x 205' 99.00
200' x 203' 59.10	204' x 206' 99.50
201' x 204' 59.40	205' x 207' 100.00
202' x 205' 59.70	206' x 208' 100.50
203' x 206' 60.00	207' x 209' 101.00
204' x 207' 60.30	208' x 210' 101.50
205' x 208' 60.60	209' x 211' 102.00
206' x 209' 60.90	210' x 212' 102.50
207' x 210' 61.20	211' x 213' 103.00
208' x 211' 61.50	212' x 214' 103.50
209' x 212' 61.80	213' x 215' 104.00
210' x 213' 62.10	214' x 216' 104.50
211' x 214' 62.40	215' x 217' 105.00
212' x 215' 62.70	216' x 218' 105.50
213' x 216' 63.00	217' x 219' 106.00
214' x 217' 63.30	218' x 220' 106.50
215' x 218' 63.60	219' x 221' 107.00
216' x 219' 63.90	220' x 222' 107.50
217' x 220' 64.20	221' x 223' 108.00
218' x 221' 64.50	222' x 224' 108.50
219' x 222' 64.80	223' x 225' 109.00
220' x 223' 65.10	224' x 226' 109.50
221' x 224' 65.40	225' x 227' 110.00
222' x 225' 65.70	226' x 228' 110.50
223' x 226' 66.00	227' x 229' 111.00
224' x 227' 66.30	228' x 230' 111.50
225' x 228' 66.60	229' x 231' 112.00
226' x 229' 66.90	230' x 232' 112.50
227' x 230' 67.20	231' x 233' 113.00
228' x 231' 67.50	232' x 234' 113.50
229' x 232' 67.80	233' x 235' 114.00
230' x 233' 68.10	234' x 236' 114.50
231' x 234' 68.40	235' x 237' 115.00
232' x 235' 68.70	236' x 238' 115.50
233' x 236' 69.00	237' x 239' 116.00
234' x 237' 69.30	238' x 240' 116.50
235' x 238' 69.60	239' x 241' 117.00
236' x 239' 69.90	240' x 242' 117.50
237' x 240' 70.20	241' x 243' 118.00
238' x 241' 70.50	242' x 244' 118.50
239' x 242' 70.80	243' x 245' 119.00
240' x 243' 71.10	244' x 246' 119.50
241' x 244' 71.40	245' x 247' 120.00
242' x 245' 71.70	246' x 248' 120.50
243' x 246' 72.00	247' x 249' 121.00
244' x 247' 72.30	248' x 250' 121.50
245' x 248' 72.60	249' x 25

The Mystery and Misery of the Tonsils

(Continued from Page 9)

That is one thing about this gland that cannot be seen in mouth or microscope, its lymphatics. And thereby hangs the danger of our tale.

The tonsil is nourished, like all other parts of the body, by the plasma or clear part of the blood. After bathing the tissue cells to feed and wash them, this plasma does not get back into the small blood-vessels from which it oozed, but trickles back in the tiny spaces between cells, which form thin-walled channels that unite and finally empty into the great return-main of the blood just before it gets back to the heart. Now, on its return trip this fluid, carrying tissue-waste and leucocytes, is called lymph, its channels lymphatics, and it is of the utmost importance, besides being the great drainage system of the body-tissues. For it is along the lymphatics that many vicious germs steal from one part to another. If you have ever had blood-poisoning from a scratch on your finger, your surface lymphatics came out in a red map of disaster all up your arm and called your attention to sore lumps in your armpit. These lumps were enlarged lymph-nodes or glands, police-stations like the tonsil, where the leucocytes were holding a "rough-house" session in an attempt to head off the invading mob of germs.

Now—the lymph-channels of the tonsil, carrying all kinds of potential trouble, empty directly into the large channels of the neck—the "deep cervical lymphatics."

It is no new thing, this tonsil-baiting by the doctors. The gland has been under suspicion ever since man began to pry into and meddle with his works; but the more the wise men learn about the cause of disease, the more reason they find for accusing the tonsils of treachery, conspiracy and criminal negligence. The evidence is piling up with cumulative rapidity, and in the last decade it has become overwhelming.

That was all that was needed to convict the culprit. We have seen how easy it would be, once a germ had got into the crypts or substance of the tonsil, for it to reach any organ or tissue of the body. A damaged crypt-lining, for instance, gives access to the lymph-channels; then the lymphatic system opens open road to anywhere. It only remains to find if the infecting germ actually goes the route, in the case of any given disease.

The damning evidence is oldest and strongest in the case of our ancient enemy, rheumatism. Rheumatism and tonsils have been coupled in the mind medical ever since the days of Galen and Hippocrates, and the association has been made to fit the changing theories of each age. To come down to the next-to-the-last generation, our fathers were impressed by the assertion, in dignified professional bass, that "Enlarged tonsils are an expression of the rheumatic or uric acid diathesis." Thereupon said fathers tried to look wise, and if they were wise they asked no further questions.

To-day we are not obliged to conceal quite so much ignorance by bass dignity and correct syllables.

It is at least five years now since a number of eminent Germans agreed that "Acute articular rheumatism is a bacterial disease—it enters the system in a large number, possibly a majority of the cases, through the tonsils. That acute articular rheumatism, endocarditis, pleurisy and other streptococcal infections are of tonsillar introduction, is at present accepted."

If only you could get a mental picture of the meaning of these hard words! For one thing, it means that "inflammatory" rheumatism—that fiendishly painful, horribly crippling disease—which repeatedly attacks, tortures and kills its victims, can often be prevented or cured by removing diseased tonsils whose crypts have been the seat of continuous infection! For these doctors not only find permanent nests of germs in the tonsil-pockets—the same kinds that they find in the joints—but they clear out and destroy these pockets; then they find that the patient gets well and stays well!

In 1900 Garrick reported a long list of cures effected in this very manner. A unique case is reported, likewise, by the same man) was that of a stolid woman who came to him for treatment and who was much disappointed when he told her he could find nothing wrong in the tonsils. She wanted them removed or scarified like the others. The doctor explained that he couldn't remove what wasn't there—that her tonsils had shrunk and disappeared—gave her salicylates, and finally got rid of her. But she came back. She had had another at-

tack, and she was going to have the "New treatment," anyhow!

As the easiest way out, he scarified her throat. In the process he found a buried tonsil with an infected crypt, removed it and cured the patient. Some folks are so exasperatingly unreasonable—especially women!

So hundreds, perhaps thousands, of physicians and specialists are treating joint-rheumatism now by removing the cause. It may come to pass that within a few years no one will think of treating this hitherto obstinate and dangerous malady in any other way. For it is not only joint-rheumatism that has been found to follow tonsillar infection; already a respectable number of practitioners have borne witness that those familiar demons "wry-neck" and "crick-in-the-back" are traceable to tonsil trouble, and it is easy to see how the disease travels—by the old trunk-line of the lymphatics.

If only we could say it ended there! But that is only a beginning. For long years doctors have known that a sad percentage of their patients recover from an attack of acute rheumatism of the joints, only to gasp out a purple-lipped existence with leaky heart-valves. The end of such an existence is too well known. The same germs now are found in the heart-lining and the joint-lining; in the heart the inflammation goes under the name of endocarditis, but it is the same old rheumatism in another place, and the germs come from the same source. It is undisputed that the greater number of cases of chronic heart disease follow this very infection—think what it will mean if in the future all these hopeless lesions can be prevented by timely attention to the throat!

Pericarditis (inflammation of the heart-envelope) and pleurisy (inflamed lung-sheath and chest-lining) are just as certainly different manifestations of the same disorder. What is true of one is true of all. It is just as plainly apparent how the infection makes its way to the parts affected; indeed the route is so easy from tonsil to chest and mediastinum—the part of the chest in which the heart lies! that the only wonder is that any germ should lose his way. Once launched freely in the lymphic stream, it would seem inevitable that the current should carry the voyager straight down into the chest and then into the vena cava, the

great return-main of all the blood. The only explanation of the fact that such an infection does not always result in heart-disease lies in the theory of tissue-resistance.

When the whole volume of the blood-current is invaded by disease-organisms, as it must be when the heart-lining is infected, why is not every bit of the body attacked at once? The blood surely carries the little pirates everywhere.

That is a fact. But it is also a fact, and a fortunate fact for us, that nowhere do they prevail without a struggle. The leucocytes, as well as fixed-cells and other body cells and fluids, keep up more or less fighting. It is only where for some reason the resistance is weakened that the invader can land and get a foothold. This, back in the days of ignorance and big words, was called a *locus minoris resistancee*—simply, a place of lessened resistance or a weak spot. So the prowling bugs look for the weak spots, there to multiply and lay waste; and that is why they do not break out all over the body at once. That is why, too, only one of two men equally exposed will take—or be infected by—any given disease. One of the two, even though he has just as bad tonsils as the other to admit the germs—say of consumption—has stronger vitality and more resistant tissues. He will throw off the infection and the other will go—to the Adirondacks.

Yes, indeed! There is lots of evidence, collected by many different men in different countries working unknown to one another, to show that bad—not necessarily large—tonsils are instrumental in filling our sanatoriums for tuberculosis. But you would be surprised to read the cases already written up; they form a damning mass of apparent proof that our much-abused glands are black with guilt as causes of the great white plague.

Without looking up notes or authorities, we can recall the names of His, Lanz, Tavel, Fraenkel. They may mean nothing to you; but they are well-known names among those who know, and they all have pointed an accusing finger at the tonsil on this specific charge. At least four great Germans have found the same germs in the inflamed appendix and in the infected gland in the owner's throat, the sequence of tonsillitis-appendicitis has been widely observed, there is a mass of other evidence, and it is still accumulating.

James J. Hill

(Continued from Page 12)

a man, with many strong and sturdy oatmeal virtues. He had gone with the Hudson Bay Company as a laborer, became a guide, a trader, and then an agent. Hill and Kittson laid before Smith a plan, very plain, very simple. Buy up the bonds of St. Paul and Pacific from the Dutch bondholders, foreclose, and own the railroad.

Now, Donald A. Smith's connection with the Hudson Bay Company gave him a standing in Montreal banking circles, and to be trusted by Montreal is to have the ear of London.

Donald A. Smith went down to Montreal and laid the plan before George Stephen, Manager of the Bank of Montreal. If the Bank of Montreal endorsed a financial scheme it was a go. Only one thing seemed to lie in the way—the willingness of the bondholders to sell out at a figure which our four Canadians could pay. Mr. Hill was for going to Holland, and interviewing the bondholders personally.

Stephen, more astute in big finance, said, "Bring them over here." Hill could not fetch them, Kittson couldn't, because there was no dog-leg line to Amsterdam.

The Bank of Montreal did the trick, and a committee of Dutchmen arrived to look over their Minnesota holdings with a view to selling out. Mr. Hill took them over the line a dreary waste of slashings, then a wide expanse of prairie, broken now and again by scrub-oak and hazel-groves, deep gulches, here and there—swamps, sloughs, and ponds, with herds of brand, wild geese, ducks, and sand-bill cranes.

The road was in bad shape, the equipment worse. An inventory of the actual property was taken with the help of the Dutch Committee.

The visiting Hollanders made a report to the bondholders, advising sale of the bonds at an average of about forty per cent. of their face value, which is what the inventory showed.

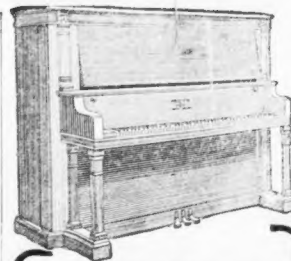
Our Canadian friends secured an option which gave them time to turn. Farley, the Receiver, was willing. The road was reorganized as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad. George Stephen was President, Norman Kittson, First Vice-President, Donald A. Smith, Second Vice-President, and James J. Hill, General Manager.

And on Mr. Hill fell the burden of turning a losing property into a prosperous and paying one. From the very day that he became manager he breathed into the business the breath of life.

He advertised the railroad lands at a price and on terms that were attractive to settlers. There are two ways of making railroad rates—one is based on the cost of transportation, including overhead and terminal charges; and the other is simply based on the idea of moving the tonnage. Hill made rates that caught the home-seekers. He figured that if the country could be populated with prosperous people, the rest was easy.

He sent over to England and bought hundreds of young Herford bulls, and distributed them along the line of road among the farmers. "Jim Hill's bulls" are pointed out now, over three thousand miles of range, and jokes on how Hill bulled the market are always in order. Clydesdale horses were sent out on low prices and long time payments.

Farm-seeds, implements and lumber were put within the reach of any man who really wanted to get on. And lot the land prospered. The waste places were made green, and the desert blossomed like the rose. Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin had quit wheat and turned to corn-growing. Minnesota was coming into her own, the tide of immigration was pushing over into the North and West. It was the psychological moment—time and tide had joined hands with James J. Hill in order that he might build an empire.



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Both for 10c

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No. 9092

THE broad collar trimming and jaunty cuffs, together with the stylish cut skirt, are a few of the attractive points in this model. The skirt may be developed in high or regulation waistline. The waist is cut low over a guimpe or tucker of lace. Cloth, velvet or silk may be used for this design. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 9½ yards of 27-inch material for a Medium size.



No. 9093

PLAID suiting in green, brown and red, with facings of plain brown woolen was used for this model. The underwaist may be of the plain material, or, if the garment is made of silk or velvet, the sleeves and chemise portion could be of lace "all-over" or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4½ yards of 27-inch material for the 8-year size.

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SATISFYING The Hunting Instinct

By George Lincoln Dow



WHEN primitive man threw a stone at a bird and killed it, he probably could not have explained his act, except to make signs to indicate that the stone throwing was the result of an irresistible desire. Had it been possible for our antediluvian brother to consult with some twentieth-century psychologist, he would have been told that he was possessed with the "hunting instinct." We are told that this primal passion exists in every man's breast

though in many cases it is latent. With the great scarcity of game and the almost prohibitive game laws, there is little opportunity for the average American to get much of the "hunting instinct" out of his system. Yet, there are more shotguns being made to-day than ever before, not however, to slaughter game, but to furnish the means of indulging in the sport known as trap-shooting—an excellent substitute for field work.

When one considers that there are a quarter of a million trap-shooters and that a low average cost for the gun and other equipment would be \$40 for each shooter, and that these men and women are spending probably \$6,000,000 this year for shooting, one will likely agree with the scientist's claim of the existence of some sort of instinct that makes man want to burn gunpowder. Besides the amount invested in the personal equipment of the individuals there are hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in club houses, grounds, traps and the necessary paraphernalia.

Gun clubs are everywhere and the number is being rapidly multiplied. One or more will be found in practically every city, town and hamlet; at the colleges and country clubs, and private ones on the estates of the wealthy. Weekly and bi-weekly shoots are held at thousands of clubs with from ten to one hundred shooters regularly facing the traps.

When the winter tourist goes to Palm Beach, Pinckney, or most any other resort, he takes his guns along, for he knows he will find the most up-to-date equipment waiting the coming of himself and his brother trap-shooters. Every State has its trapshooting association, which, in turn, is affiliated with a strong national organization. Under the auspices of the national body are annually held six meets, each of which surpasses in number of participants the national events of any other sport. These shoots are known as the Eastern, Western, Southern, Pacific Coast, Post Season and Grand American Handicaps. At the premier event held at Columbus, Ohio, in July, nearly five hundred shooters were on the firing line, while in the Eastern Handicap at Wilmington, Delaware, two hundred and ten men took the mark.

At any of these shoots may be seen feats of marksmanship which are simply astonishing; the shooters pulverizing the swiftly flying targets with machine-like regularity. Many of the scores show from ninety to ninety-eight breaks, out of a possible hundred. On these occasions, Gilbert, German, or any one of fifty other noted shots, is accompanied the hero worship which greets a Ty Cobb or an Eddie Collins on the ball field. By no means do the big events named cover the list of important contests, for of scarcely less note are the Westy Hogan Handicap, the Pinckney mid-winter Handicap and some twenty other shoots more or less national in character. There are also thirty to forty State Shoots held every year. The central organization is called the Interstate Association and has its headquarters in the business section of Pittsburgh. The Association formulates and enforces the rules under which practically every contest is held. For a shoot to be recognized and the participants qualified to compete for championship titles, medals, trophies, cash prizes and other rewards for skill, the event must be registered and made subject to the supervision of competent officials who are sent from the Association offices. During the present year the Association appropriated \$20,000 for the refunding of the entrance fees of unsuccessful shooters. This is known as the "Squire money-back system" and is but one of the many provisions made to place the sport on a high plane of fairness and equality. Records of all shoots and the scores of over twelve thousand shooters are on file at the Association's office.

Trap-shooting is essentially a sport for the amateur, professionalism being restricted largely to exhibition shooting and the breaking of targets in the demonstrating of guns and ammunition.

The present perfection of the game has been a matter of evolution, passing successively from live bird shooting to glass ball and "clay pigeon" shooting. While the target now used is called a "clay pigeon," the term is a misnomer, as the "birds" are made of river silt and air compressed into saucer-like shape by hydraulic pressure. The "pigeon" is thrown from the trap at an unknown angle and in a manner that gives a decidedly birdlike flight to the target.

A shooting squad consists of five shooters who shoot in rotation, changing their positions after a given number of shots. The trap is sprung at the command "Pull!" throwing the target not less than forty-five yards, nor more than fifty yards with a rise of between six and twelve feet, at a point ten yards from the trap. The "bird" is "dead" if broken with a single charge within a fifty yard limit, otherwise the "bird" is "lost."

Perhaps no other influence is doing more for game protection than trap-shooting, and most clubs cooperate with the game warden.



Even a woman and a one-armed man



The Eastern Handicap at Wilmington, Delaware

Believe Me!

Here's tobacco that just gingers you into enjoying a pipe all over again.



Says Uncle Dud:

"This here crimp cut is some idee. Now I used to smoke cut plug. Strong stuff, but soggy. Had to mess it around in my palm to get it part fine enough, and then it burned like—well, like cut plug. When I first tries the Prince Albert in my old jimmy pipe I could hardly believe it. Ready to smoke, pour 'er in just like that, and nobody could want a steadier, closer-fire, longer-burnin' smoke. I tell you, Son, I've been smokin' a pipe for a good many years, but I didn't know what real pipe smoke was till I tackled Prince Albert."

PRINCE ALBERT

Pipe Tobacco that
can't bite your tongue

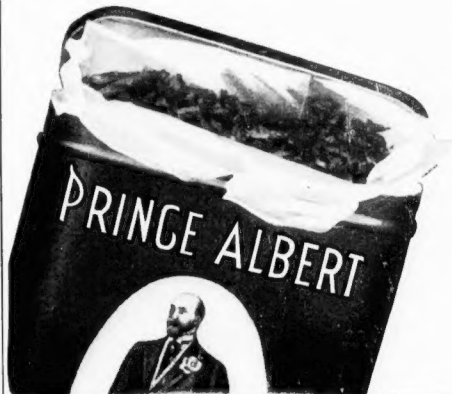
Compare Prince Albert with any other pipe tobacco you ever smoked or heard of!

Compare Prince Albert's flavor, aroma and marvelous long-burning, close-fire qualities!

Smoke Prince Albert any old way. Smoke it red hot—one pipeful after another! It can't bite your tongue!

Prince Albert is the consequence of a pipe dream on our part. Experts said the sting couldn't be removed without affecting the natural flavor. But after spending three years and a fortune perfecting a variation in the method of curing, we hit upon the happy system. And now hundreds of thousands of formerly tongue-sore men are enjoying the full delight of the best tobacco on earth. Don't put off *your* happiness. Don't forget the password. Say "Prince Albert" to your dealer—and say it TO-DAY.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.





Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar FOR 1912

The Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1912 is an art creation worthy of more than passing notice.

The subtle charm of outdoor life, the captivating beauty of the typical American girl and the artist's masterful portrayal of man's best friend—the horse—combine to make a picture that will instantly appeal to every lover of the artistic and beautiful.

In panel form, seven inches wide and thirty-six inches long and printed in twelve delicately blended colors, this Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar will harmonize well with the furnishings of any room, home, den or office.

No advertising matter whatever, not even the title nor the months are printed on the front.

Scores of calendars, far less artistic, are sold every year at 75c to \$2.00 each, but *we send you this calendar free*, hoping it will serve to remind you that

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

strengthens the weak and builds up the overworked—relieves insomnia and conquers dyspepsia—helps the anaemic and turns nerve exhaustion into active, healthy vim—encourages listless convalescence to rapid recovery—assists nursing mothers and reinvigorates old age.

The U. S. Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage

ORDER A DOZEN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST

Insist Upon It Being Pabst

This Calendar is FREE

All we ask is that you send us ten cents, stamp or coin, to cover cost of packing and mailing. The demand for these beautiful calendars will be great, so write at once if you wish one.

PABST EXTRACT CO., Dept. 26, Milwaukee, Wis.

PABST EXTRACT CO., Dept. 26, Milwaukee, Wis.		Date _____
Gentlemen:—Enclosed herewith please find _____ cents in stamps, coin, for which		
please send me _____ copies of your Pabst Extract American Girl Calendar for 1912.		
Name _____	Address _____	
City _____	State _____	